

**POVERTY.**

The people call him rich: his lands stretch very far and very wide; they call him rich, yet there he stands ill-clad and bent and hollow-eyed.

The people call him rich: his gold is piled in many a yellow heap, but he is all alone and old, and when he dies no one will weep.

They call him rich, but where he dwells the floors are bare, the walls are bleak; they call him rich: he buys and sells, but no fond fingers stroke his cheek.

They call him rich: he does not know the happiness of standing where sweet winds across the meadows blow and toss the verdant billows there.

—S. E. Kiser, in Harper's.

**WHY SELBY'S SAFE WAS NOT A SUCCESS**

By G. D. Gregory.

"WHENEVER I get a new job that seems like a gold mine," observed Selby, "I immediately begin to look around for the drawbacks."

"Kicking Bill, as usual," remarked his friend Eggleston. "By George, I believe you'd kick in heaven because your wings were like a swan's instead of a peacock's. What in the world have you got to grumble about now?"

"It's just like this," replied Selby. "You see, I have some very large collections to make every Saturday night, which I have to keep in the house until Monday. I don't like the responsibility. It's wearing on my nerves. I haven't a peaceful moment while the money's in the house, and scarcely get a wink of sleep. There isn't a place that I can put it and feel that it's secure."

"Well," suggested Eggleston, "my advice is, first to take a nerve tonic, and then to buy a safe."

"That's what I'll have to do," assented the other, "buy a safe. The expense is somewhat heavy, but I can't stand the strain any longer. Look here, Eggleston, suppose you meet me to-morrow noon at Devron's and help me to select one."

"Glad to do it, old man," answered Eggleston, "but I'll charge you a fee not only for my professional knowledge of strong-boxes, but also for the advice I have given you to-night."

The next day the two met at Devron's. It was evident that the epithet of "Kicking Bill" which his friends had long ago bestowed upon Selby was not a slander. According to him there was not a suitable safe in the whole establishment. One was too large, another too small, a third not strong enough, a fourth had too easy a combination. After a couple of hours' examination of the whole stock, and when the weary salesman, having vainly extolled the merits of his wares with all his trader's eloquence, at length despaired of making a sale, Eggleston came to the rescue.

"Come, now, Selby, this is all nonsense. Here's one that fills the bill."

Selby protested; but Eggleston insisted, and in the end carried his point. The safe was installed in the library, which adjoined Selby's bedroom. Like a child with a new toy, he spent the first few hours after its arrival playing with the combination until he could almost work it with his eyes shut.

The first Saturday after his purchase he brought home a fat wad of greenbacks, which he carefully deposited in the inner compartment of the safe, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, closed the outer door and twisted the combination back and forth for full five minutes; then opened it again to make sure he had locked the inner compartment and repeated the whole process.

He went to bed that night with the key to the inner door tied to his wrist. Nevertheless, sleep was as difficult to induce as ever. If the floor in the hall creaked he imagined that some one was stealing into the library, and a thorough investigation had to be made. But physical and mental exhaustion finally won the upper hand.

When he awoke the next morning his first act was to feel for the key. It had not been removed from his wrist. Next he hastened into the library. No dynameters had been at work on the safe, which stood as if gazing at him in silent disdain at his anxiety. He quickly opened the outer door, and, with trembling fingers, inserted the key into the lock of the inner compartment. A twist, a pull and its door was open. His heart leaped violently to his throat, then dropped exhausted and seemed to cease its beating altogether. Only gaping, mocking, hopeless, awful emptiness met his searching eyes. Not the slightest vestige of the treasure remained.

But who had extracted it and how? He reported the matter to the police, and detectives were sent to the house. As is their wont, they immediately suspected the servants. Impossibly! They had been in the family for years, and even if they were dishonest, how could they have gotten into the safe, especially as the key had never left his possession for a single instant, and the dealer had assured him that there were no duplicates.

What—but no, it could not be! Yet Eggleston had insisted rather determinedly upon his taking that particular safe. No, he would not believe it of his friend. Still, such breaches of friendship were not unheard of. Could it be that Eggleston and the clerk were in collusion, and that Eggleston had obtained a duplicate key? But how could he have bribed one of the servants, although he doubted him, nevertheless these suspicions made Selby very uncomfortable. However, he did not communicate them to the detectives, who were utterly at a loss for a clue.

Another Saturday arrived without any hopeful developments.

After much hesitation Selby again placed his collections in the safe, and personally examined every door and window before retiring. Not content with these precautions he arose at various intervals during the night and examined the contents of his treasure box. All was well. In the small hours of the morning he fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened some time after daybreak by a knock at the door. It was one of the servants. As

he was never aroused from his slumbers on Sunday morning, he surmised that something was wrong. In response to his inquiring glance the maid stated that between 3 and 4 o'clock she had heard footsteps descending the attic staircase, that she had remained awake and listened attentively, but heard nothing more, and that she had only at that moment dared to venture out of her room.

Selby's first thought was of the safe. Rushing into the library, he hastily opened its two doors. Again it was empty!

Next he climbed to the attic stairs. He found no trace of the thief up there. The windows were not only all nailed shut, but none of the dust-covered cobwebs which sealed them had been disturbed. The scuttle to the roof likewise was fastened on the inside. A search through the rest of the house revealed nobody in hiding, nor was there any visible means of exit, all the doors and windows being locked from within.

The servant who had awakened Selby was put through a rigid examination by the police, who were of the opinion that she was implicated in the theft and had concocted her story to divert suspicion from herself; but she was either an expert twister of the truth or innocent, for the ferrets of crime, with all their skillful questioning and cross-questioning, could find no flaws in her testimony.

Saturday came round again, and the detective in charge of the case had made no progress. Although it was not probable that a third robbery would be committed, still he was going to try the only method remaining to solve the mystery—namely, conceal himself in the library that night.

Selby alone was apprised of his intention and admitted him to the house after the servants had retired. When they had both made sure that the contents of the safe were thus far intact, Selby locked the iron doors and went to his room.

But he was ill at ease. His nerves, unstrung by the worry of the past two weeks, excited his imagination to the wildest vagaries. He became distrustful even of the detective. What if he should be an accomplice! The corruption of the police force was notorious. Might not this man be one of the most corrupt? Reason dispelled these fears in part, but it was several hours before sleep visited him.

Suddenly he was roughly brought back to consciousness by a shake from a powerful arm. He struggled frantically to free himself.

"Calm yourself," said a voice, which he instantly recognized as that of the detective. "What's the matter? Everything's all right! How happened it then that the detective was in his room, and how had an entrance been effected, for he was sure he had locked the door before retiring. How—but his thoughts abruptly changed their direction. His wandering eyes had gradually regained the power of seeing concrete things, and he all at once realized that he was not in his room. But where was he? Before him stood the detective holding a flickering candle.

"Are you awake now, sir?" asked the latter.

"Yes," answered Selby.

"Look down at your feet, then."

Selby did as bidden. A loose board had been removed from the flooring, and in the hole thus uncovered were three wads of greenbacks. Memories of childhood came back to him. How often when a small boy had hidden his youthful valuables beneath that very board, but he had long since forgotten its existence. In an instant, he comprehended the situation. It was an odd case of somnambulism. His ever-vigilant distrust had stolen a march on his sleeping consciousness.—New York News.

**Trailing the Grouse.**

And there is another form of grouse shooting for which I confess a weakness. This is still-hunting, or trailing the birds on the snow. When a new snow falls the woods are like so much clean paper, and the furry and feathered folk are so many unintentional scribbles. Here a woodmouse dotted along, dragging his tail; yonder a hare passed at a speed, scared by the red rascal that made these dog-like tracks. Small triangles show where squirrels have traveled from nest to storehouse, and larger triangles betray where the cottontails held conference till a soundless owl broke up the meeting.

And here, amid the tan-leaved dwarf beeches, is something. Oh! The very sight of it makes you grasp the gun tighter, and you begin to peer ahead and to breathe a bit faster. Those trim prints running yonder in true blue were made by a grouse. Careful, now—it's fresh as-look! Did you not see that brown thing dart from the stump to that tuft of dried fern and brush? Steady, now; he must be right there before you and he'll go straight away to—

"Whur-r-r!"—almost behind you.

"Why, how the dev?"—? Bing!—Bang!

Good boy: The first lead's in that maple fifteen yards from your nose, but the quick second did the business. As to how the—ahem! he got almost behind you when you had seen him directly in front—that's a way he has.—Edwyn Sandys, in Outing.

**Guinea Pig's Tails.**

Now that the cavy is becoming so precious a pet among women who do not care for children, attention is drawn to the fact that if you hold him up by his tail his teeth will drop out. There are men in the world who have ideas of their own on all subjects, and are willing to back them to any amount. Such a one is Captain Jack Quibble. He was willing to bet a year's salary that the statement was a lie; therefore, in a down town cabaret one day the evidence was placed before him. Two pretty guinea pigs were produced for experimentation, and the Captain (being of His Majesty's service) could not be induced to see the joke for a long time, even though unable to find a tail by which to suspend the little animal.

Another remarkable feature of the guinea pig is that its milk teeth are shed before birth. Wonder if Captain Jack wants to bet on that? When two days old the infant is able to nibble soft plants and even corn. In three weeks it is cast upon its own resources; there is precocity for you. Reminds one of some of the fresh youth of the day.—New York Press.

**FOR THE FAIR LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS**

New York City.—Box-pleated waists made with shaped yokes are exceedingly fashionable and have the added merit of being generally becoming.



BOX PLEATED WAIST.

This stylish May Manton model is of reseda peau de cygne, with yoke of tucked cream mousseline and shaped bands of reseda broadcloth stitched with corticelli silk, and is worn with a skirt of cloth matching the bands; but the design suits both odd waists and entire gowns and all the season's fabrics.

The foundation lining fits snugly and is closed at the centre front. On to it is faced the back portion of the yoke and over it are arranged the box-pleated back, fronts of the waist proper and the front portion of the yoke, the closing of the waist being effected invisibly beneath the central box pleat and the corresponding tuck in the yoke. The back is smooth and without fulness, but the fronts blouse slightly and stylishly over the belt. The sleeves are box-pleated at soft puffs below the elbows and are gathered into pointed cuffs at the wrists. At the neck is a novel stock in the fashionable clerical cut. The belt is pointed

of firm broadcloth than of sibiline, which has to be either lined or triple folded to hold it firm. The vertical lines of the lattice come out well in black velvet. There are two or three variations of the basket weaving in these velvet and woolen lattices.

**The Gray Blouse.**

Gray flannel waists are in demand and are preferable, in the eyes of tasteful women, to some of the brilliant blouses which occur in kaleidoscopic profusion of color on the bargain counters. Gray is not always becoming. It is out of the question for a sallow complexion, but where it can be worn it seems the ideal tint for displaying a rose and white or "magno" complexion. The Quakeress coquette discovered this ages ago, and pretty ones nowadays are unwilling to lay aside dove-gray and drab for a less harmonious background for their carnation cheeks. Gray pongee, expensive and hard to get; gray taffeta and crepe de chine, make charming dinner blouses.

**Sweet Sachets For Bridal.**

For a wedding gift acceptable to all brides, useful, pretty and yet inexpensive, is a complete set of sachets for night-dress, handkerchiefs, gloves and veils. They are made of white satin, painted with honeysuckle and bees, and lined with amber satin to tone with the honeysuckle. Any other decoration preferred could be used in either embroidery or painting.

**Short Walking Skirts.**

There is no doubt that on all practical frocks the skirts will be much shorter, but the really short skirt to show the ankles should be kept exclusively for country wear. Town frocks are now cut without a train, but touching the ground all around.

**Cameo Portraiture.**

The revival of the cameo has brought to life cameo portraiture, which provides pleasure to those who delight in the unique and rare.



THEATRE COAT.

at the front, and is finished with postillion tabs at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards two-thirds of an inch wide, four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of tucking or lace eighteen inches wide for yoke.

**Woman's Theatre Coat.**

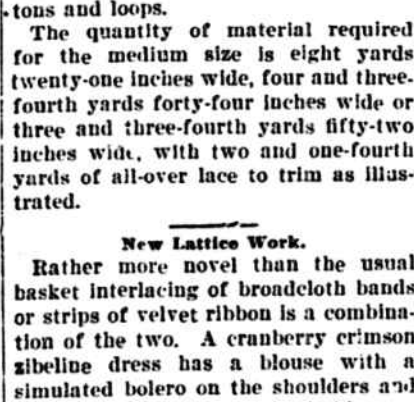
Loose fitting wraps for theatre, evening and reception wear are among the smart features of the season and become necessities when the fashionable waists, with their big sleeves and filmy materials, are worn. The very satisfactory model shown in the large drawing is adapted to all the uses named and can be made elaborate or simple as the material chosen becomes one or the other. The original is of white broadcloth, with revers and bands of heavy linen over white silk and is stitched with corticelli silk, but all cloths, zebeline, cashmere, peau de sole and the many cloaking materials of the season are appropriate with lace, embroidery, fur or plain silk for revers.

The coat is in Russian style and is cut with a loose fitting back and loose fronts that close in double-breasted style or turn back to form the revers. The sleeves are circular in shape and fall in graceful folds at the lower edges. The neck can be finished plain or with the strap collar, as shown in the small sketch, and the coat can be worn open or closed and held by buttons and loops.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight yards twenty-one inches wide, four and three-fourths yards forty-four inches wide or three and three-fourths yards fifty-two inches wide, with two and one-fourth yards of all-over lace to trim as illustrated.

**New Lattice Work.**

Rather more novel than the usual basket interlacing of broadcloth bands or strips of velvet ribbon is a combination of the two. A cranberry crimson sibiline dress has a blouse with a simulated bolero on the shoulders and draped entirely composed of this new lattice work. The velvet ribbon is black, and the strapping is of crimson sibiline cut in bias folds and covered with machine stitching. Bands are usually more successful when cut



BLOUSE SHIRT WAIST.

eight yards twenty-one inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and one-fourth yard forty-four inches wide.

**THE CHILDREN ENJOY**

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

**Preventing Sunstroke.**

If we consider the fact that no one gets heat-stroke from the great heat of furnaces in an arsenal, we readily arrive at the conclusion that not the heat rays of the sun, but the attire rays are the cause of the evil. Hence if we treat the body as a photographer treats his plates, and envelop it in orange, using always an orange-yellow shirt, and lining the coat and hat with fannel of the same color, we are likely to suffer no bad effects from the sun. Officers in India actually do this.—Science Siftings.

**Who Snails.**

Snails are not supposed to be very clever, but a raiser of edible snails in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, was baffled by their ingenuity. To keep his crawling live stock within bounds he ran a series of sharp metal points along the top of the fence enclosing their fields, thinking that the points would prick the foot of the animal and make him draw back. However, the plan failed and the farmer soon discovered that the "escargots," like little wanton boys, had climbed on each other's backs in order to get over the sharp points. The method appeared to show co-operation, and the last snail was left behind after helping over the others—an instance of heroism in humble life.—Review Scientific.

**An Immense Log Cabin.**

A "log cabin" that when completed will cost something over \$75,000 is in process of erection on Warren's Island off the coast of Maine. Some idea of the size of the "cabin" may be gained from the fact that twenty-two large sleeping apartments will occupy the second floor. A fireplace of brick and granite, conspicuous on the ground floor, will have a mantel 12 feet in length, 3 in width and 9 inches in thickness. The outermost layer of the "cabin" is of spruce logs.

**From a Recent Novel.**

"Her eyes fell."

"Her hands dropped by her side."

"He lost his tongue."

"His jaw dropped."

"Her voice fell."

"She crushed him with a look."

"His heart sank like lead."

Then one would suppose the household maid came with a broom and swept up the debris.—Tit-Bits.

Many of us might be happy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

Two hundred and seventeen lions have been born at the Dublin zoo during the last seventy years.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 18 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WEST & THAYER Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDRON, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It takes the constant labor of 80,000 people to make matches for the world.

FITSPERMANOYNT cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney-Liver Pills, and treatment of Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The number of laborers required to cultivate the tea crop of India is 600,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc., 25c. a bottle.

A chimney of 115 feet high, without danger, swayed ten inches in a wind.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

The average of wrecks in the Baltic Sea is one every day throughout the year.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Forty-four muscles are called into play in the production of the human voice.

**Electricity, hitherto confined to the mechanical side of agriculture, has now to be classed among the fertilizers.** Two Russian scientists, M. Spyskneff and M. Krovhoff, have just perfected an electric battery specially designed for this purpose. It is buried in the soil, which thus becomes magnetized and not only makes the crop more forward, but more abundant. Excellent results are stated to have been obtained with potatoes, beetroot, trefol, barley and colza.—Vienna Information.

**He Knew What He Wanted.**

A small boy on his first visit to town received from a little city cousin a bit of new and wonderful candy, of the highly colored, fantastically shaped sort so attractive to the eyes of the uninitiated. Neither knew the name of the novelty, the little donor explaining that she had bought it "just by sight," but she pointed out the shop where it was to be had, and when next the small boy became possessor of a penny there was no doubt in his mind as to its disposition. Marching proudly up to the counter he planked down his coin. "I'd like to have a cent's worth," he announced, "a cent's worth of what Sulee got last week!"—New York Tribune.

**Snap Shots.**

Common sense may not be a particularly spectacular proposition, but it wins advertising campaigns.

What a pity 'tis, Horatio, that eccentricity is so often the running mate of genius.

When a man of action grows enthusiastic, soon there'll be something doing.

No man can discount the bill of experience.

He who takes himself too seriously strikes a note that reverberates with comedy.

It is the business of an advertisement to dissipate suspicion.—Profitable Advertising.

**Honesty of the Paris Fireman.**

The honesty of the Paris fireman is so well known and recognized that it is said to note an exception to the general rule in the case of one who was stationed some short time ago for the evening at a leading theatre yielding to temptation. The man made his way surreptitiously into a dressing room and stole a bank note for 100 francs, which he found in a drawer. He had, however, been perceived, and he has just been tried by courtmartial and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Such a case is so rare that it cannot reflect on an honorable corps like the Paris Fire Brigade.

A man's conscience will always tell him when somebody else is doing wrong.

**READ the Latest Story of Human Interest!**

**"The Lust of the Flesh."**

Mailed on receipt of 25 Cts. in stamps.

Elms Publishing Co., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**Capsicum Vaseline**

PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES.

A substitute for and superior to Mustard or any other ointment, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain relieving and curative qualities of this ointment are wonderful. It will soothe the toothache at once and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it for all cases of rheumatism, sprains, cuts, burns, and all other external troubles. It is the best of all your preparations. Price, 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this coupon to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

**Chesbrough Manufacturing Co.**

17 State Street, New York City.

**RIPANS**

I suffered from indigestion and thought I would rather die than live. I was not able to work for fourteen months. A friend recommended Ripans Tablets to me and I got a box. I immediately began to improve. I enjoy three good meals a day now and never felt better in my life.

At druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

**DROPSY** quick relief and cures even the most obstinate cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. E. H. GRIZZARD, Box 2, Augusta, Me.

**WANTED** Men for the United States Navy: all who are good swimmers, are 16 to 25, and born in the U. S. For information NAVAL RECRUITING OFFICE, 60 South Street, New York, or 125 Broadway, Buffalo.

**VIRGINIA** ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS. N. Y. 51

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

It cures all cases of consumption, whether the lungs are affected or not. It is a powerful expectorant, and it is the only cure for consumption. It is sold by all druggists.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**

**POSITIVELY CURES**

Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Backache  
Headache  
Footache  
All Bodily Aches  
AND  
**CONQUERS PAIN.**

It cures all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, backache, headache, footache, and all bodily aches. It is the only cure for pain. It is sold by all druggists.

It cures all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, backache, headache, footache, and all bodily aches. It is the only cure for pain. It is sold by all druggists.